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A
S U P P L E M E N T
TO THE
G E R M A N E R A T O,
C O N T A I N I N G
A C O L L E C T I O N O F F A V O U R I T E S O N G S,
WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,
TRANSLATED BY THE SAME HAND.



L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR L. LAVENU, NO. 29. NEW BOND-STREET,
MUSIC-SELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1801.



THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

Dolce con tenerezza.

Zum steeg.

"Love, but such as brothers claim, dares my heart be -
 stow; more, dear youth, for - bear to name; more were cause of
 woe! Fain I'd see theè calm ap - pear, calm from
 hence de - part; 'gsint that soft in - fec - tious tear, must

A a

I steel my heart.⁴

Dumb with

Più vivo.

grief the lov - er hears, lost in fond dis -

may; clasps the dam - sel, checks his tears, mounts and

hies a - way: heads his trust - y vas - sal band, speeds to

Pa - les - tine: sons of hard - y Swit - zer - land, badg'd with

Tempo di marcia,

ho - ly sign. *f* *fp.*

fp.

Per - ilas

dire the he - ro braves, death-less deeds per - forms; still his
 hel-met's plu - mage waves, where the bat - tle storms: and the
 name of Swit-zer - land scars the faith-less foe; yet the
 youth, by love en - chain'd, wastes with tend - er woe.

Twelve slow

moons he bore his grief; long - er could not

bear; vain - ly sighs for kind re - lief, then for - sakes the

war. Spies a bark on Jop - pa's strand, swell its spread - ing

sails; hies on board and seeks the land, where his fair - one

dwells: where his fair - one dwells.

Now the wand' - rer at her

Recitativo.

gate, thrills with tend - er fears. Ah! what bit - ter ills a -

wait, when these words he hears: "She thou seek'st now bears the

veil, now is heaven's bride; yester-morn, at matins bell, to the

Adagio.

world she dy'd." *p*

B

Straight he shuns his na - tive vale, shuns his fa - - ther's
 board, quits the scenes he lov'd so well, quits his steed and
 sword; lives un - known, un-mark'd, for - lorn, far from
 pry - ing eyes; sackcloth garb and beard un-



VII.

And ere long, a simple shed
 Near yon slope he rears,
 Where the cloister's tow'ry head
 O'er the grove appears.
 There, from morning's blushing sky
 Down to setting sun,
 Hope still beaming in his eye,
 Sat the youth alone: —

IX.

Then, at each returning night
 Sunk to soft repose;
 Grateful hail'd the welcome light
 When the morn arose.
 Patient, still for many a day,
 Many a year's long round,
 Waits the ling'ring hour away,
 Till the casement sound: —

VIII.

Sat and ey'd the cloister's pile,
 Ey'd its hallow'd bound; —
 Eyes the window of her cell,
 Till the casement sound;
 Till the lov'd recluse was seen,
 Till the sainted maid
 Cast a look as heav'n serene
 Down the silent glade.

X.

Till the lov'd recluse is seen,
 Till the sainted maid
 Casts a look as heav'n serene
 Down the silent glade.
 And as Death one fated morn
 Ends his tender care,
 Still his looks, all pallid, turn
 To'ard the cloister'd fair!.

S O N G.

*Andante.**Hurka.*

De - light - ed, my fan - cy still wand - ers, where flows the clear
 stream in me - and - ers;— still paints the gay bark on its tide, — still
 paints the gay bark on its tide. — Dear bark, where with bliss all e -

la - ted, by Lu - cy, bright maid, I've been sea - ted, and
 down the smooth current did glide, and down the smooth current did glide.

I.
 DELIGHTED, my fancy still wanders
 Where flows the clear stream in meanders; —
 Still paints the gay bark on its tide. —
 Dear bark, where with bliss all elated,
 By Lucy, bright maid, I've been seated,
 And down the smooth current did glide

IL
 We sail'd on its soft-heaving billows,
 And 'neath the cool shade of its willows,
 Mark'd how the fish sported and play'd;
 We mark'd the green margin so blooming,
 As spring all its charms was resuming,
 And saw the lambs skip o'er the mead.

III.
 Sweet days! how I love to review them!
 How fondly I long to renew them!
 Dear maid, were they pleasing to thee?
 If so, let us ship us together,
 And steer through life's fair and foul weather;
 And Cupid our pilot shall be.

DEATH'S CRADLE-SONG.

*Adagio.**Hummel.*

How snug is my pil - low, my bed - ding how warm! To slumber how
 tempting, how shel - ter'd from harm! See spring, hap - py sea - son, new gar - nish
 the bowers, and strew o'er my couch its first buds and its flowers!

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in common time, G major, with a treble clef. The middle staff is in common time, C major, with a bass clef. The bottom staff is in common time, D major, with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are: 'The night-ing-gale too her soft lay shall re-peat — Thy slum-ber how sweet! Thy slum-ber how sweet!' The music features various note patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

I.

HOW snug is my pillow, my bedding how warin!
 To slumber how tempting, how shelter'd from
 harm! —
 See spring, happy season, new-garnish the bowers,
 And strew o'er my couch its first buds and its
 flowers!
 The nightingale too her soft lay shall repeat. —
 Thy slumber how sweet!

II.

How snug is my pillow, my bedding how warm!
 How safe lies the sleeper from care and alarm!
 When winter, in storms and in darkness array'd,
 My couch with a carpet of snow shall o'erspread.
 Still thou shalt behold the rude tempest increase,
 Yet slumber in peace! —

III.

On earth is fair Virtue unsought and unknown,
 And heart-felt enjoyment from mortals is flown.
 There Hope shall deceive thee; and Love shall
 betray,
 And torture thy bosom by night and by day.
 While here smiles an angel; — kind Death is
 his name,
 And brightens thy dream!

IV.

Come, then, weary pilgrim, nor startle with dread,
 My pillow is downy and warm is my bed:
 I'll bear thy hard burden, thy griefs will I share,
 And lull thee to slumber, and still thy despair.
 Ah come, and while Death thus invited to repose,
 Forget all thy woes!

RURAL LIFE.

*Moderato.**Hymn e L.*

To ru - ral joys and pu - rer air, ye cit - y nymphs, and

swains re - pair. The whisp'ring grove, the garden's bound, each peaceful dwelling

skirts a - round. No lord - ly pile ob - structs the way, nor veils the

cheerful face of day, and free - ly o'er the flo - w'ry meads, the



I.

TO rural joys and purer air,
Ye city nymphs and swains, repair.
The whisp'ring grove, the garden's bound
Each peaceful dwelling skirts around.
No lordly pile obstructs the way,
Nor veils the cheerful face of day,
And freely o'er the flow'ry meads
The moon her silver lustre shels.

II.

At early morn the villager
Resumes his daily pleasing care.
For him the vernal landscape blooms,
For him the hawthorn sheds perfumes;
His borders glow with many a flow'r,
The nightingale awakes his bow'r,
The bee prepares her nectar'd hoard,
And fair Pomona decks his board.

III.

Then hither hie, ye courtly train,
And share the pleasures of the plain;
Forsake the city's irksome glare,
And leave behind each sordid care. —
Let Love alone your breast invade,
Fit inmate of the rural shade:
Haste here, your tender vows declare,
And soon shall yield the soft'ned fair.

S O N G S

Beclawrowsky.

Allegretto.

Ch = pid, wan-ton source of pain, could I bind thy

pin-ion; source of pain, could I bind thy

pin-ion; ev-er then shouldst thou re-main slave to - my do -

min - ion. But in spring the night-ing - gale on - ly on - ly glads the
 bower; — and the leaves that strew the vale, speak chill autumn's power.

I.

CUPID, wanton source of pain,
 Could I bind thy pinion;
 Ever then shouldst thou remain
 Slave to my dominion.
 But in spring the nightingale
 Only glads the bower; —
 And the leaves that strew the vale,
 Speak chill autumn's power.

II.

Thus alas! but once in life
 Blossom Love's sweet roses; —
 Once while vernal joys are rife,
 Ere youth's season closes,
 Vainly then shall youth defy
 Beauty's soft dominion; —
 Vain the art that fair would tie
 Cupid's silken pinion.

SONG.

*Andante grazioso.**Hurka.*

Andante grazioso.

p. *cresc.* *f.*

p.

cresc. *p.*

p.

What feels the

soft - 'ned bo - som the gentler vir - tues away, best claims the

sf. *sf.* *p.*

muse's fa - vour and breathes the sweetest lay; while syn - pa -
 thy a - wa - kens at - ten - tion's read - y ear, and
 spreads the soft in - fec - tion, and prompts the pleasing tear.

L

WHAT feels the soft'ned bosom
 The gentler virtues sway,
 Best claims the muse's favour
 And breathes the sweetest lay;
 While sympathy awakens
 Attention's ready ear,
 And spreads the soft infection,
 And prompts the pleasing tear.

II.

Let poets sing of heroes
 And all the pomp of war,
 And such as pant for glory
 Attend with eager ear; —
 Be mine an humbler triumph,
 My theme the rural plain,
 My boast, the simple numbers
 That charm the village-train.

III.

And would my blooming Daphne
 But lend her ear the while,
 And one kind look would deign me,
 And one approving smile; —
 I'd envy not the poet
 Though wreaths adorn his brow,
 And envy not the hero
 That bade the numbers flow.

THE DREAM.

*Andante.**Reichardt.*

I.

LULL'D in slumber's downy arms,
 'Neath the noon-tide grove I lay:
 Fancy imag'd Laura's charms,
 Beaming sweeter brighter day.

II.

Gaily dress'd in yielding smiles,
 Fancy imag'd Laura's face: —
 Hope each love-lorn pang beguiles!
 Thrilling joys my bosom seize!

III.

Cupid, near in ambush laid,
 Chas'd the vision — wild I start,
 Seek in vain the matchless maid; —
 Find her only in my heart!

IV.

Each fond fairy image flies,
 Flies as fades the rapi'rous dream;
 All but conscious memory dies, —
 All but Love's unwasted flame.

- S O N G .

*Allegro.**Andante.*

With ver-dant wreaths the flow-ing bowl in - twine, and gai-ly

quaff it dry, and gai-ly quaff it dry. How bless'd the land that boasts such

gen-rous wine! What draughts with these shall vie! what draughts with these shall

vie!

I.
WITH verdant wreaths the flowing bowl intwine,
And gaily quaff it dry.
How bless'd the land that boasts such gen'rous wine!
What draughts with these shall vie!

II.
Nor need our steps to distant Hung'ry tend;
Nor yet to Gallia roam:
Let him who likes, so far for liquor send, —
We find it nearer home.

III.
Our German hills the bounteous juice supply,
And hence its worth so rare!
Dear native land, beneath thy temp'rate sky,
What varied gifts we share!

IV.
Nor yet through all Germania does it grow,
Where many a barren hill,
And many a rock uplifts its rugged brow,
Not worth the place they fill.

V.
A plant there grows, Thuringia's heights among,
That like the vine appear; —
Its meager juice inspires no jovial song,
Nor soothes the toper's cares.

VI.
Saxonia's hills in gay confusion, lie,
Yet no rich vines unfold:
Their boasted rocks may silver ore supply,
And eke some paltry gold.

VII.
Nor where the Bloxberg rears its blu'string head,
Shall Bacchus' train appear;
Thence rise the winds, and thence the tempests spread; —
But not a grape is there.

VIII.
On Rhine's fair banks the envied clusters grow;
Then sacred be the Rhine;
And bless'd those banks whose sunny heights bestow
The life-preserving wine.

IX.
Then drink a mavin, cast all our cares away,
Let mirth the moments cheer;
And knew we where a son of sorrow lay,
We'd bid him welcome here.

S. O N - G.

*Larghetto.**Reichardt.*

My love I seek, but seek in vain,
he flies nor heeds my tender pain;
and now a prey to sad de-

despair, I call on death to end my care.

Yet,

I.

MY love I seek, but seek in vain;
He flies, nor heeds my tender pain;
And now a prey to sad despair,
I call on death to end my care!

II.

Yet, perjur'd youth, one moment stay,
Let pity prompt a short delay:
Canst thou the last sad boon deny,
To stop, and catch my parting sigh?

III.

Ah, no! still urge thy cruel flight,
And still my proffer'd fondness slight!
Another maiden's dearer charms
Allure thee from my constant arms.

IV.

May softest peace thy bosom prove,
And blessings crown thy new-born love!
Yet spare, how blest so'er thou be,
One thought for her who dy'd for thee!

SONG.

*Allegretto.**Reichardt.*

Be - side a faon-tain's border, where wanton zeph-vrs rove

a nymph in sweet dis - ord-er, now sleeps in 'yon - der grove — now sleeps in you - der grove. If thus her beaties

charin me all sleeping as she lies, what ills, a - las! shall harm me,

when once she opes her eyes. what ills, a - las! shall

harm me, when once she opes her eyes!

I.

BESIDE a fountain's border
 Where wanton zephyrs rove,
 A nymph, in sweet disorder,
 Now sleeps in yonder grove:
 If thus her beauties charm me,
 All sleeping as she lies;
 What ills, alas! shall harin me,
 When once she opes her eyes!

II.

On her white arm reposing,
 Reclines her lovely cheek,
 Far sweeter tints disclosing
 Than May's sweet mornings deck.
 What tender fears alarm me!
 What tender hopes arise! —
 Alas! what ills shall harm me,
 When once she opes her eyes!

III.

And fain would I discover
 What pains my breast invade;
 But ah, too timid lover!
 My lips refuse their aid.
 May Love with boldness arm me,
 And check desponding sighs,
 Or, oh! what ills shall harin me,
 When once she opes her eyes!

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I N D E X.

Love, but such as brothers claim,	(<i>Ritter, treue Schwesternliebe,</i>)	from Schiller.	III.
Delighted, my fancy still wanders,	(<i>Das waren mir seelige Tage,</i>)	Anon.	XII.
How snug is my pillow, my bedding	(<i>Ich habe ein Bettchen so dicht und</i> how warm!	Sander.	XIV.
To rural joys and purer air,	(<i>Ihr Städter, sucht ihr Freude,</i>)	Voss.	XVL
Cupid, wanton source of pain,	(<i>Loser Knabe, konnte ich dir</i>)	Anon.	XVIII.
What feels the soft'ned bosom,	(<i>O das nur was im Busen</i>)	Müchler.	XX.
Lull'd in slumber's downy arms,	(<i>Dans le bosquet de Cythère</i>)	Boufflers.	XXIII.
With verdant wreaths the flowing bowls	(<i>Bekränzt mit Laub den liebe vollen</i> intwine,	Claudius.	XXIV.
My love I seek, but seek in vain.	(<i>Io ti cerco, e non ti trovo.</i>)	Alborghetti.	XXVL
Beside a fountain's border,	(<i>Sul margine d'un rio,</i>)	Anon.	XXVIII.





